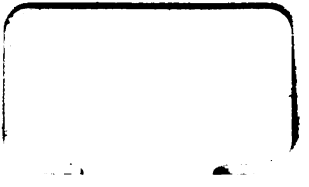

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OTHERS TO FOLLOW.

Henry W. Longfellow

EVANGELINE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

EDITED WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

LEWIS B. SEMPLE, PH.D.

TEACHER OF ENGLISH, COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.
1902

Set up and electrotyped September, 1900. Reprinted November, 1902.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

PREFACE

EVERY teacher of English will use a classic in his own way. He will probably discover that, as the vocabulary of the average pupil is limited, much attention must be given to definition. The comparison of a dictionary definition of a word with the actual use of the word in literature has advantages. He may, moreover, with perfect safety proceed upon the supposition that the pupil is entirely ignorant of the literary qualities of a "classic," the setting in time and place, the means employed to make descriptions vivid, the arrangement of material in such a way as to maintain interest to the end, the method of sketching characters, and the development of them as the story advances. Upon second reading discrimination of the commoner synonyms may be suggested by the author's own choice of words; and

analysis, not mere naming, of figures of speech and other rhetorical devices may stimulate independent thought, and will certainly lead to an appreciation of them such as no text-book can give. The results of all will appear in the practical part of the work, — the short essays which the pupil should be obliged to write from time to time. *Evangeline* needs little interpretation. This edition is intended to hint at, not to exhaust, the study of it.

L. B. S.

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INTRODUCTION

LONGFELLOW'S LIFE AND WORKS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. His mother's family had been represented in New England as far back as the settlement of Plymouth; indeed, it is asserted that the poet was merely telling family secrets when he related the love story of John Alden and the Puritan maiden Priscilla. His paternal ancestors were more recent arrivals in the New World, having settled in Massachusetts about 1675. Thrift and industry improved the circumstances of each succeeding generation of Longfellows. The author's great-great-grandfather was the village blacksmith of Newbury, Massachusetts; the son of the blacksmith was a schoolmaster and, later, town clerk of Gorham, Massachusetts; the son of the town clerk became first a surveyor, then Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Portland, Maine; the son of the surveyor was a lawyer, and a man of culture, who was able to give his children the inestimable privilege of tumbling

during infancy about a fairly well ordered library — a privilege which Holmes declares to be the only preventive of an absolute fear of books in later life.

There was nothing remarkable about Henry's childhood. His schooling began with Dame Fellows, or "Ma'am" Fellows, as she was familiarly called. She it must have been who sent the new pupil, provided with slate and pencil, upon a tour of observation, "to put words together about anything he might see," as he confidently asserted he could do, and who thus called forth the verses entitled *Mr. Finny and the Turnip*, did not the biographer, "on Mr. Longfellow's own authority," repudiate the "silly lines." It is very gratifying to know that our poet is not responsible for them. First poems are at best but poor things. At the age of fourteen, when he left Portland Academy, he was fully prepared for college. Not that he was necessarily any brighter than other boys of his time. The colleges of the beginning of the century resembled first-class boarding schools, rather than the higher educational institutions of to-day; college life then was a period of preparation, of attempts on the part of the student to "find himself." Nor was the curriculum very exacting. If there is any truth in the biographies of the famous men who have passed away within a quarter of a century, the graduates among them got their diplomas

largely by consulting their own inclination, so far as study was concerned. In those days men did not pass at once from school to breadwinning. The scientific spirit had not yet invaded educational circles.

Next came the choice of a college. The father, Stephen Longfellow, was a graduate of Harvard, and had all the enthusiasm of a large and growing body of men for their alma mater. But, as one of the prominent men in the neighborhood, he had been elected to the Board of Trustees of Bowdoin College, founded in Brunswick at the beginning of the century. Pride in a state institution doubtless led him to send his sons to the latter. Accordingly, the names of Henry and Samuel were entered upon the register of 1821, although actual residence in Brunswick did not begin until the following year. In a class distinguished for scholarship Longfellow held his own. He found the problems of the higher mathematics very hard; but the *Odes* of Gray, Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, the works of the unfortunate Chatterton, and Locke's *Human Understanding*, he liked to read, and, better still, to write about. He also found time to compose verses, equal but not superior to the average undergraduate lines, and to contribute to the newspapers prose articles on various subjects — all of which gave him a local reputation, and delighted his father and mother, who proved kindly and sympathetic critics.

As the time of graduation approached, the thoughts of the young man turned to the question of a profession. According to the traditions of the time, a college graduate became a clergyman, a physician, or a lawyer. Stephen Longfellow had destined his son for the last. Henry was willing to admit that he *might* become a lawyer; for medicine and theology he had much reverence, but no inclination. "The fact is," he says, in a letter dated December 5, 1824, "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. . . . Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered."[1] And the better to fit himself for this kind of work, he proposed a year in Harvard, to be spent in the study of history and literature, before the expiration of which time a decision might safely be made. The father did not take kindly to the proposition. He was an eminently practical man; he wished to see his sons well established in the world; he admitted that a literary life must be a delightful one, but feared that "there was not enough wealth in the country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men." And he was right. To-day,

[1] *Life*, by Samuel Longfellow, I. 53 ff.

under far more favorable circumstances, the author enjoys a precarious existence; in 1825 there was not a single American who was supporting himself by literature alone. In fact, there were only half a dozen writers. Our literature was just dawning. Americans were too busy with the practical concerns of life to give thought, much less money, to the cultivation of the higher intellectual pleasures.

This was Longfellow's first disappointment — and the course of his life was disturbed by few of them. It seemed great at the time; though conscious as he was of ability to make his way into literature, the choice of a nominal profession was really a matter of little importance. But fortune favored him. The authorities of Bowdoin determined to establish a professorship of Modern Languages. Now Longfellow, like all earnest students of literature, had shown great interest in the Classics; and, like all embryo poets, was particularly pleased with the Odes of Horace. He therefore took pains with his translations, endeavoring to reproduce not only the letter, but the spirit, too, of the ancient writers. It so happened that one of these translations was read at a public examination, where it attracted the notice of a Trustee of the college, a Mr. Orr. When the subject of the new professorship was broached at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Orr suggested that the chair be offered

to Longfellow. And there was no hesitancy about accepting it. This was just the opportunity that Longfellow wanted: he could carry on his favorite studies; he could interest others in things that interested himself; and, above all, his duties would afford leisure for original composition. But to teach modern languages it is necessary to speak them. The only foreign language with which he had any familiarity was French. The Trustees, therefore, voted him three years' leave of absence, to be spent abroad in acquiring German, Spanish, and Italian. Later the young professor discovered that the French he had learned at college was hardly French of Paris, and that the latter must be added to the list. A large undertaking, truly; but Longfellow approached this, as he approached all his work, with sublime confidence.

In May, 1826, Longfellow left New York. A pleasant voyage of thirty days brought him to Havre. The next three years are a record of sight-seeing, letter-writing, and study. If the letters to the home folk are not so bright as one would expect from this particular writer, one must remember that it was a matter of business that took him to Europe, and that he attended to that matter of business conscientiously, even though it interfered at times with his pleasures. Within three weeks after his arrival in France he was installed in a boarding house in Paris, where the use

of the English language among the English boarders was forbidden under a penalty of one *sou* a word; he then began to realize and frankly confessed the difficulty of learning to speak a foreign tongue. In due time came attendance upon lectures, visits to libraries, and the compilation of note-books, — valuable to their maker, but almost unintelligible to any one else. Spain, Italy, and Germany were visited in turn. A pleasing episode of his sojourn in Spain was the meeting with Irving, for whom the younger writer had the greatest admiration. Irving was at the time collecting material for his *Life of Columbus*. He extended many courtesies to his compatriot, not the least among them being letters of introduction to men whom it would have been difficult for a student without a sponsor to reach. Whether or not from his association with Irving, Spain seems to have been the only country whose traditions strongly impressed Longfellow. He never tired of the scenes of romance of the Alhambra. Many years later they returned upon him, and he wrote the poem entitled *Castles in Spain*. In Italy and Germany his time was wholly taken up with study. He discovered that he had left his most difficult task to be the last — the mastering of German; and for the moment he lost confidence in himself. "I am writing a book — a kind of Sketch-Book of scenes in France, Spain, and Italy. . . . I hope

by it to prove that I have not wasted my time, though I have no longer a very high estimate of my own talents. The further I advance, the more I see to be done. The more, too, I am persuaded of the charlatanism of literary men. For the rest, my fervent wish is to return home. I would not remain a moment were it not from the persuasion of its necessity. But the German language is beyond measure difficult; not to read, — that is not so hard, — but to write. And one must write, and write correctly, in order to teach. I can only promise you to do my best." [1] This was written in May, 1829. It was perhaps well that letters from home directed his immediate return.

In the fall of 1829, Longfellow took up his active academic duties at Bowdoin, with a salary of eight hundred dollars as professor, and one hundred dollars added for serving as librarian. Conditions were very favorable to success. The department was a new one. He himself was enthusiastic — his experience in Europe would have bred enthusiasm had he lacked by nature that essential of good teaching. His youthfulness won the sympathy of the students. There is abundant testimony to the pleasure they found in associating with one who could preserve the dignity of the professor, and yet meet the students upon their

[1] *Life*, I. 175.

own plane. Nor was the work difficult. There were recitations to hear, lectures to read, and examinations to be given — the last the greatest of bores; but there was time, too, for the preparation of text-books and for original composition. This latter condition made the work quite bearable. The first choice of a profession was not forgotten.

Up to this time Longfellow's publications had been neither numerous nor important. Some prose papers had appeared in the *American Monthly Magazine* and in the *United States Literary Gazette*. In 1831 the editor of the *North American Review*, an acquaintance, requested contributions, and for years Longfellow's name was familiar to readers of that magazine. The echo of a poem read at the meeting of the Bowdoin chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, in 1832, reached Cambridge; and the author was asked to repeat it there, and later to print it. Apart from translations, his first really serious publication was *Outre-Mer*, in 1835. This is the "kind of Sketch-Book" spoken of in the letter quoted above. In his Journal he further describes it as "composed of descriptions, sketches of character, tales illustrating manners and customs, and tales illustrating nothing in particular." The influence of Irving is clearly discernible in the book. It was eagerly read at the time, perhaps because European travel was not so common then as it has since

become, and the impressions of an intelligent traveller, immature though they were, were welcomed.

In the year 1834 Bowdoin experienced reverses of fortune. Funds were low; the State Legislature refused promised appropriations; the faculty was not harmonious; and some of the professors, among them Longfellow, began to look elsewhere for positions. Just when our author's prospects were particularly gloomy, George L. Ticknor, professor of modern languages in Harvard, resigned, and, it appears, recommended Longfellow as his successor. The offer carried with it the privilege of leave of absence for a year, or more if necessary, to be spent in study. Once more Longfellow prepared to make a pilgrimage to Europe. This time he was accompanied by his wife — he had married Mary Storer Potter in 1831.

The second journey to Europe was made under more favorable conditions than the first. Longfellow had a reputation to assist him. *Outre-Mer* was even more popular in England than in America. A London publishing house proposed an English edition. When this was offered for sale, the *Spectator*, in a review, said that "either the author of the *Sketch-Book* has received a warning, or there are two Richmonds in the field."[1] During a three weeks' stay in the British

[1] *Life*, by Robertson, p. 65.

Isles, letters of introduction were delivered to Lockhart, son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and to Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, with the last of whom the Americans were particularly charmed, and to many others of less note. Indeed, the year and a half at their disposal might easily have been spent among friends in England. But Longfellow still had German on his hands, this time with the addition of the Scandinavian dialects; and the memory of his former experience advised haste. So, after a vacation of three weeks, he went to Stockholm. The whole of the time, to December, 1836, was divided between Germany and Switzerland. In Heidelberg Longfellow experienced his first great sorrow — the death of his wife, in November, 1835.

Harvard, which was the scene of Longfellow's activities from 1836 to 1854, was a far more attractive place than Bowdoin. True, much was expected of the professors. There were collegiate traditions to be maintained. Harvard teachers have always been scholarly men. Longfellow's predecessor in the chair of modern languages was equally distinguished as a student and as a writer. On the other hand, Harvard had something to give in compensation: Cambridge was the centre of a circle of men interested in literary matters. Longfellow knew well the value of the privilege of associating with men of similar tastes.

Before many years had passed, he himself had become the centre of a group of poets called now in the books the "Cambridge School." In the event, both the college and the town discovered that the professor had conferred upon them more honor than they had conferred upon him. Upon his arrival he sought, first of all, congenial quarters. He found them in Craigie House, then dear to the hearts of Cantabs for its historical associations; since hallowed, in addition, as the residence of the poet, to whom it was presented by Mr. Nathan Appleton, in 1843. The poet married Mr. Appleton's daughter, and the house was a wedding gift. In 1836, however, the house belonged to an eccentric widow, who supported herself mainly by lodging students, and was, consequently, unduly prejudiced against that class of men. She consented to receive Longfellow upon being assured that he was not a student, and that he was the author of *Outre-Mer;* and as a mark of special honor assigned him the room General Washington had once occupied. Here he prepared the one lecture a week the college required of him; here he wrote his poems; here he met his friends, Felton, professor of Greek, Sumner, lecturer in the law school, Hillard and Cleveland, lawyers, — with whom he formed a society called the "Five of Clubs." Henceforth, Longfellow becomes more interesting to us as a writer than as a professor, and we

shall consider him from the former point of view only.

Outre-Mer was the literary product of the author's first sojourn in Europe; *Hyperion* is the literary product of the second. In the meantime his ideas had matured; his vision had clarified; as a result, the latter work has more consistency than the former; the sketches are bound together by means of a hero and a heroine, and almost rise to the dignity of a romance. *Hyperion* has even an autobiographic value, the hero representing, in a large measure, the author himself. The same year that saw the publication of the romance was marked by the appearance of the first volume of poems — *The Voices of the Night* (1839).

Into this volume Longfellow inserted poems lately published in the magazines, such earlier verses as he wished to preserve, and a number of translations. It was a belated publication. Most poets have expressed themselves in no uncertain tones long before the age of thirty-two. But for this very reason we may expect to find in the *Voices* illustrations of the author's habitual ways of thinking and writing. Their most striking characteristics are love of nature — especially for her suggestiveness, — didacticism, and in the translations a facility in versifying which was used effectively later in the ballads.

It is nature in her calmer moods that attracts the

poet. "When woods are green and winds are soft and low," he liked to "lie amid some sylvan scene," watch the play of sunshine and shadow, listen to the voices of the air, and dream away his time with the heroes of the legends he had read. Spring suggests the renewal of youth. A genuine lotus-eater was Longfellow. But does not the "fearful wintry blast" succeed "soft rays of sunshine"? Nature has a serious side, too, which finds a parallel in the individual life. There must be an end of dreaming, then; more important themes must occupy him henceforth: he must sing the sorrows and delights of the human heart. So the *Prelude* sets forth his poetical creed. The field to be covered is a broad one, and it did not fall to the author's lot to exhaust his subject. Nor did he treat both sides equally. The prevailing note of the *Voices* is one of gloom and sadness, as the *Hymn to the Night*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *The Light of Stars*, *Flowers*, *The Beleaguered City*, *Midnight Mass for the Dying Year*, and *Footsteps of Angels*, will abundantly illustrate. With reference to the last the excuse may be offered that it was written in memory of his wife. It is the one poem in the series that sprang from genuine feeling.

The Psalm of Life will stand as the representative of Longfellow's didacticism. The questions, What is poetry? and What are the objects of poetry? are not

easily answered. As poetry is designed to be read, the individual reader, by accepting what is pleasing and rejecting the rest, must answer such questions for himself. According to their own inclinations, poets do or do not make verse the vehicle of direct instruction. Critics will continue to argue as to the proper vehicle for such instruction — prose or verse. All poets set out to represent "the true, the beautiful, and the good." Which is the greater — he who treats the first and second so cleverly as to suggest the third, or he who subordinates the true and the beautiful and thrusts the third upon the reader, willing or unwilling? The latter form of didacticism easily runs into sermonizing; when a dogma is championed we have a veritable abuse of verse. Longfellow's serious view of life imposed upon him the necessity of teaching. His Puritan education grounded him firmly in the received principles of religion. Broad sympathies saved him from dogmatism. Now Longfellow was not the only person who held such views; but he expressed them. One can therefore readily understand how the *Psalm*, proclaiming faithful performance of duty, hope of immortality, and the responsibility resting upon each one for his neighbor's well-being, should have found quick response in many hearts. If the merit of poetry is to be measured by its effect, surely *The Psalm of Life* belongs among the master-

pieces. One may find it commonplace, and may even doubt its ethical soundness; but he must value it as the clearest expression of the author's philosophy of life.

All of the poems in this volume are lyrical. Many of the translations are of the form called the ballad. Longfellow's studies had taken him more deeply into German literature than into any other, and there he found a mine of quaint and curious poems with which he wished to familiarize his countrymen. There is a ring about German lyrics difficult to find in those of other peoples. The rendering of them into English especially requires a nice ear and thorough command of rime. Longfellow possessed both of these by nature, and the practice he acquired in this work of domestication stood him in good stead when he came to compose original poems of similar form. There is little in the contents of the translations as they were printed to attract one; but as marking a stage in the development of the poet's art they have an interest for literary students.

This volume was kindly received in the circles Longfellow was most concerned about — his friends and the book-buyers. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Allston, and N. P. Willis lauded them, Hawthorne declaring that "he had read them over and over and over again, and they grew upon him at every

re-perusal."[1] The first edition, of nine hundred copies, was exhausted within three weeks. The critics who attempted to belittle the poet's efforts, and who perhaps hoped to discourage him, failed of their purpose. Was ever author so indifferent to adverse criticism or so provokingly lenient toward the critic? A review that promised to be unfavorable was thrown into the waste basket; and its writer received a personal notice, like the following, in the Journal: "He seems very angry. What an unhappy disposition he must have, to be so much annoyed."[2] All the while a new volume was preparing.

In a letter to a friend, under date of January 2, 1840, Longfellow says: "I have broken ground in a new field; namely, ballads. . . . The *national ballad* is a virgin soil in New England; there are great materials. Besides, I have great notion of working upon the people's feelings."[3] The title of his next volume, printed in 1841, is *Ballads and Other Poems.* No other American poet has attempted the ballad so successfully. In this form the story is the centre of interest; the skill of the narrator is displayed in arranging the material to a climax, and in adapting the structure of the lines to the character of the details. In *The Skeleton in Armor* and *The Wreck of*

[1] *Life*, I. 349. [2] *Ibid.*, 345. [3] *Ibid.*, 353.

the Hesperus Longfellow does this most happily. One can almost hear the crushing of the ships in the one, and the rattling of the shrouds in the other. *The Village Blacksmith* pictures a scene familiar to all. The inevitable moral stares at the reader. Yet one envies the simple nature of an author who, in the midst of manly duties, could enter so thoroughly into the spirit of a scene dear to childhood. *Excelsior*, notwithstanding its doubtful rhetoric, is firmly fixed in the affection of the nation. *Maidenhood* is the most valuable of all for its suggestiveness. *The Children of the Lord's Supper* is uninteresting, except as the first example of Longfellow's use of the hexameter.

In the spring of 1842 Longfellow secured leave of absence for six months. He was suffering from nervous exhaustion, and a physician recommended the baths at Marienburg, Germany.

The question of the abolition of slavery was beginning to agitate America at this time. Charles Sumner, one of the "Five of Clubs," took an active part in the movement, and was destined to become a leading abolitionist within a few years. He was anxious to secure the influence of Longfellow. The poet was not enthusiastic. He disliked all violent measures, and the remedies proposed for the evil by some, perhaps the majority, of its opponents were

decidedly violent. Without hesitation he expressed the hope that the end might be attained — he was too humane to advocate the maintenance of a system wrong in principle, when not in practice, and not infrequently wrong in both ; but the means must be such as should do justice to the master as well as to the slave. He declined to join in any crusade; among his friends he urged abolition through legislation. The *Poems on Slavery*, written during the return voyage from Europe, are tender and pathetic. They clearly show "the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." Still, it was asserted that the author had not done justice to his subject; and in truth, when compared to Whittier's and Lowell's utterances, the poems are weak. It requires stronger convictions than Longfellow's in general were to "poetize practical themes." On the other hand, Whittier liked the verses so much that he offered to have their author nominated for Congress on the Liberty party ticket — an honor from which the latter shrank: "At all times I shall rejoice in the progress of true liberty, and in freedom from slavery of all kinds; but I cannot for a moment think of entering the political arena. Partisan warfare becomes too violent, too vindictive for my taste; and I should be found but a weak and unworthy champion in public debate."[1]

[1] *Life*, II. 20.

College duties were resumed in 1843. Shortly after his return the poet married Miss Appleton, whom he had met in Europe, and the couple settled permanently in Craigie House, henceforth the scene of those meetings with Lowell, Emerson, and Holmes, of which all speak with so much pleasure.

To the year 1845 belong three popular poems — *To a Child*, *The Day is Done*, and *The Old Clock on the Stairs*. *Nuremberg* is an artist's tribute to the artistic traditions of the town; and *The Belfry of Bruges*, which gives its name to the volume, records an American's impressions of a quaint Old World custom.

The publication of *Evangeline*, in 1847, marks an epoch in the poet's career. Up to this time he had confined himself to reflective lyrics and ballads; he now attempted a longer form — the tale in verse. The existence of available material on American soil he was perfectly conscious of. More than once his thoughts had turned to the early history of New England. A chance conversation suggested a theme even better suited to his genius. In his presence the Rev. H. L. Conolly related to Hawthorne the story of the separation of two Acadian lovers as a result of the expulsion of French settlers from Nova Scotia, and urged the novelist to make it the basis of a romance. For obvious reasons the story did not appeal to Hawthorne. Upon Longfellow, however, it made a pro-

found impression, and, with the permission of the former, he determined to tell it in verse. This is the origin of *Evangeline*. Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia*, containing Reynal's highly colored picture of life in Grand-Pré, furnished the historical details.

One may safely say that *Evangeline* is the most read poem in American literature. Critics may find fault with the hexameter, may regret the energy expended in the manufacture of comparisons, and may, if they please, deny to the poem all literary value. But the people will continue to read, to blame the English, to sympathize with the heroine; and perhaps some of them will, like Holmes, close the last leaf, leaving a little mark upon it which tells more than words could tell. The reason is clear: it is a story of love, ideal love, so simply told that the least imaginative can understand. There is no need of "putting oneself into a proper attitude" in order to comprehend it; all that is required is belief in "affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient."

The author never visited the scene of the story. Ideal surroundings were demanded, and ideal they are, — the broad, rich meadows, reclaimed from an angry sea by the toil of the settlers, theirs in a double sense; the hills — Blomidon or any other — rising in the distance as if guarding the village; the quaint Normandy cottages and costumes of the peasants; and

the church, a veritable church of the Middle Ages, casting its dim, religious light over all. Here the inhabitants lived a Utopian life. Modest desires and mutual helpfulness made the richest seem poor, and the poorest rich. They were a sturdy people, industrious and unconventional. Of the characters that enter into the story Evangeline alone is vividly described. The others are clearly enough marked to be distinguished: Benedict, a prosperous farmer, well satisfied with the world and looking hopefully upon the future; Basil, the blacksmith, impetuous in judgment and in action, suspicious of the English, who had lately renewed their encroachments upon French territory; Father Felician, a model priest, the adviser of his people in temporal as well as spiritual matters; and, dimmest of all, Gabriel, the lover of Evangeline. Very charmingly is the home of Benedict pictured, with the young girl as central figure.

In the most beautiful season of the year, when Grand-Pré "lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood"; when the homes of the villagers were gladdened by a successful harvest; when preparations had been made for the establishment of a new home in the community, came the mysterious summons of the English commander, and then the announcement of the cruel sentence. In the trying moments of the removal how much depends upon Evangeline, and how

nobly she sustains her part! Thereafter her life is one of patient suffering, lighted by a single hope, tolerable because it is possible to forget self in the service of others. When at last the hope is realized, only to vanish away, the reaction is too great, and the strong nature breaks. There could be but this one ending. Any other would have dragged the story down to a very commonplace earth.

Kavanagh, a tale of life in a New England village, was not so successful. The rural scenes which make an admirable background for a poem, are too tame for a romance, unless they are relieved by unusually clever characters. Longfellow's story lacks one element of the requisite combination. His friends spoke of it guardedly. There were other romances in the field, and opportunity was offered for comparison. But the poems entitled *By the Seaside and By the Fireside* (1850) aroused all the old enthusiasm. Most striking among these is *The Building of the Ship*, the conclusion of which is the classic apostrophe of the Union. *Resignation* has all the intensity of the sorrow which called it forth.

The routine of college life was becoming wearisome. The poet was in easy circumstances. His books yielded a fair income. The time had come when he could carry on his literary work without the interruptions which the duties of a professorship occa-

sioned. He therefore resigned (1854), and was succeeded by James Russell Lowell.

In the Journal for June 22, 1854, is the entry: "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one, and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme."[1] And again, on the 28th: "Work at 'Manabozho'; or, as I think I shall call it, 'Hiawatha,' — that being another name for the same personage."[2] The poem was completed and published in 1855. *Hiawatha* is certainly not an American epic, nor "the nearest approach to an American epic," as has been asserted; nor can it in any sense be compared to the *Beówulf*, as one writer has ventured to compare it. There is a vast difference between *Beówulf* and *Hiawatha*. The former is a national poem, the expression of a people's traditions and ideals, according to their own poetic instincts. *Hiawatha* is a series of pictures of Indian life drawn by a cultured American, who, for literary purposes, overlooks the real character of the Indian; from a heterogeneous bundle of attributes and conditions abstracts one, — life in the open air, — and then represents him

[1] *Life*, II. 273. [2] *Ibid.*

as a child of nature. We Americans might object to owning Hiawatha as our ideal. But no one will hesitate to acknowledge him as the idol of the American boy, the attractive personage with whom many happy hours have been spent. Nor can one deny the artistic claims of the apparently artless story — the swinging lines fitly bound together, the repetitions which echo in one's ears, the clear, pure atmosphere which the author's own personality has suffused about the whole. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of a writer to contribute so largely to the pleasure of youthful readers.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, which has neither the interest nor the literary value of *Evangeline*, appeared in 1858. The poem was well received, however, and encouraged the author to continue writing tales. The plan of *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*, published between 1865 and 1874, was, of course, derived from Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The Red Horse in Sudbury takes the place of the Tabard in Southwark. The characters represent actual persons; whether or not they met at the Inn is another question. The stories were drawn from all sources: *Paul Revere's Ride* and *Lady Wentworth*, from New England tradition; *The Saga of Olaf*, from the Norse; *Charlemagne* and others, from French romance; one, *The Birds of Killingworth*, is, it is asserted, the poet's own.

Of the remaining volumes — *Flower de Luce* (1867),

The Masque of Pandora (1875), *Kéramos* (1878), *Ultima Thule* (1880), *In the Harbor* (posthumous, 1882) — little need be said. One poem has hardly attained the currency it deserves — *The Hanging of the Crane*, a history of the home in panoramic pictures. But, as a whole, the latest efforts added little to the reputation of their author. American thought has undergone changes during the past sixty years; and from the movements that brought them about Longfellow remained stolidly aloof. In his latter days American literature was not the meagre growth he had found it in the beginning of the century. Perhaps it had risen above the standards he had set for himself.

In addition to the poems mentioned there are several plays: *The Spanish Student* (1843), *Judas Maccabæus* (1872), *Michael Angelo* (posthumous, 1883), and *Christus*, a trilogy including *The Divine Tragedy*, *The Golden Legend*, and *The New England Tragedies*, the whole designed to show the course of Christianity. The drama has a fascination for all poets, principally on account of its associations with the past. But to one successful attempt at play-writing there are many failures. The demands of the classic drama, such as a great poet must aim at, are so multifarious that few can meet them.

Moreover, academic duties and interest in literature

in general called forth text-books and compendiums of various kinds. The translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy* was purely a labor of love.

It was a busy life that ended on March 24, 1882. Not so eventful as the lives of great men usually are, but none the less sublime on that account. Its even course was disturbed by the shocking death of Mrs. Longfellow, in 1861: her dress caught fire from a match that had fallen lighted upon the floor, and from the injuries received she died within twenty-four hours. But the poet was not accustomed to parade his griefs before the public. His own theories urged resignation and devotion to duty; and is it not his chief glory that he was the best exponent of his theories? The world readily recognizes the claims of sincerity. It was to the man as well as to the poet that two continents did honor. In 1868, when he visited Europe for the fourth time, the great English universities acknowledged his services to literature by conferring upon him the highest academic degrees; the great men of England, France, and Germany saw in him the highest type of manhood. Nor were his own countrymen backward. Pilgrimages to Cambridge became the fashion. But the most significant of all is that tribute of the children of Cambridge to the author of *The Village Blacksmith.*

And how stands it with his poetry? There is no

need of denying natural limitations. He himself conceded them when he said, "With me all deep feelings are silent ones."[1] The masterpieces of literature owe their origin to deep feelings that are not silent. Longfellow was thus restricted to the expression of common emotions; yet for that very reason he reached a larger circle of readers than a greater intensity could have hoped to reach. And so, while his poems may lack a subtile force, which we look for in verse of the highest order, they nevertheless belong among

> "The pleasant books, that silently among
> Our household treasures take familiar places,
> And are to us as if a living tongue
> Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces."[2]

[1] *Life*, II. 424. [2] *The Seaside and the Fireside.* Dedication.

THE ACADIANS[1]

AFTER the discovery of America it became a custom for the monarchs of Europe, especially those of England and France, to grant to such of their subjects as wished to undertake the enterprise, the right to colonize certain portions of the New World. These districts were always described in vague terms; in fact, the grantors themselves did not know what they were giving. In this way it happened that the two peoples frequently came to regard themselves, each as the sole possessor of the same stretch of territory. For instance, in 1579 Queen Elizabeth granted to Sir Humphrey Gilbert a patent "for the discovering, or occupying, and peopling such remote, heathen, and barbarous countries, as were not actually possessed by any Christian People." Acting under this grant Sir Humphrey took possession of Newfoundland. Similarly certain Frenchmen, with equal powers from their sovereign, reached and attempted to colonize what is now Canada. They named their land, with no well-defined limits, Nova Scotia.

The peninsula which we call Nova Scotia was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, in the English service.

[1] Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia;* Smith's *Acadia;* Hannay's *History of Acadia;* Murdock's *History of Nova Scotia;* Gayarré's *History of Louisiana.*

Its settlement is due to the French. The first attempt to colonize it was made by the Marquis de la Roche, in 1598. The Marquis was forced by unfavorable conditions to return to France, leaving the settlers to get along as best they might. They probably perished. More successful was the attempt of De Monts, who was made governor-general of the province by Henry IV., in 1603. Two years later De Monts planted the first permanent French colony in America, at Port Royal, in what he called Acadia. From this time the growth of the settlement was rapid. But the names Nova Scotia and Acadia were used indiscriminately in the documents; and in subsequent treaties neither party was slow to take advantage of the confusion arising from this fact.

The English and the French had been enemies for centuries in the Old World, and it was only to be expected that their quarrels should be carried on by their representatives in the New. The English were constantly encroaching upon what the French regarded as their exclusive territory. For one hundred and fifty years (1605–1750) Nova Scotia, or Acadia, passed back and forth, like a tennis ball. By the treaty of Breda (1667) England was to give up all claim to Acadia. But in the course of Queen Anne's War, Port Royal was taken by English and colonial troops. Its name was changed to Annapolis, in honor of the Queen, and encouragement was given to the inhabit-

ants of Massachusetts colony to settle there. Under the terms of the treaty of Utrecht (1713) the natives were to hold their lands subject to the crown of England, and were to be protected in the exercise of their religion — Roman Catholic. The natives, in consequence of these conditions, were known henceforth as Neutrals.

For many years the English did not succeed in making a flourishing settlement in Acadia. Finally, in 1749, the matter was taken up seriously: they disliked to see so fertile a district given over to the French without making an effort to get possession of it. In that year it was resolved to send out a colony, and, in order to secure settlers of the right kind, farms were to be granted to all who would undertake to improve them. Lord Cornwallis was made governor. In June he and his settlers arrived in Chebucto Bay, on the southern coast, and, after exploring to find a suitable place for a town, founded Halifax, named after Lord Halifax, who had taken a lively interest in the project.

This move made the question of ownership of the peninsula a matter of some importance. The English and the French were now living in close proximity. The former were bent upon securing a firm footing in the land. The French were equally determined to prevent such a misfortune. Hence arose the trouble which issued in the expulsion of the Acadians. The

French asserted that the English were interlopers, and had no right to attempt settlement without permission previously obtained; because the Acadia ceded to them by the treaty of Utrecht was not the Acadia that Lord Cornwallis had invaded with his army of colonists. The English, on the other hand, maintained their right by reference to that treaty, and further insisted that the French had forfeited its privileges by hindering the new settlers, and by inciting the Indians to hamper the latter in every way. Here was a serious misunderstanding. It was decided to refer the case to commissioners of both the mother countries. Of course the conference came to no conclusion.

Meanwhile, in the province recriminations were mutual. Lord Cornwallis summoned the Neutrals to take the oath of allegiance to his sovereign, and to promise assistance in case of war with the Indians or others, under penalty of losing their possessions. The French objected to the promise of assistance on the ground that the Indians would resent it, and requested the privilege of disposing of their possessions and leaving the country. To this Cornwallis rejoined, that according to the treaty of Utrecht they were to leave, if at all, within one year; that the right of withdrawing had expired by limitation. Conditions at this time were not favorable to a peaceable termination of the matter.

The outbreak of the French and Indian War, in 1754, brought the affair to a crisis. It now became a question of supremacy. In 1755 a determined effort was to be made to dislodge the French from their strongholds. The most important of these was Beau Sejour, in the district now called Cumberland. An expedition set out under Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton, with Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow, appointed by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts Bay Colony, in charge of colonial troops. The fortress was easily reduced. Winslow discovered, or professed to have discovered, that the Neutrals had been actively engaged in the defence of the fort. What was to be done with the offenders, who, according to the terms of the treaty of Utrecht, were traitors? After careful deliberation the commanders decided that the best course was to transport and disperse them among the British colonies, in the hope that the example of the loyal subjects of England might in time make Englishmen out of them. Accordingly, the following proclamation was issued: —

"To the inhabitants of the district of Grand-Pré, Minas, River Canard, &c.: as well ancient, as young men and lads:

Whereas his Excellency the Governor, has instructed us of his late resolution, respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his Excellency, being desirous that each of them

shall be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him; We therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above District, as of all the other Districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend the Church at Grand-Pré, on Friday the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them; declaring that no excuse will be admitted, on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate. — Given at Grand-Pré, 2d September, 1755, and 29th year of his Majesty's Reign.

JOHN WINSLOW."

In response to this summons four hundred and eighteen men assembled in the church. They found themselves prisoners there; for, say the historians, "even the church had been converted into an arsenal." Colonel Winslow told them that, in consequence of their abuse of the indulgence shown them by the Crown, the authorities had decided upon rigorous measures: "their lands, tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts were forfeited to the king, with all other their effects, saving money and household goods, and they themselves to be removed from the Province."

The surprise of the Acadians was complete. The colonel had cleverly worded his proclamation so as to

give no clew to the character of the message he was to deliver. Escape was impossible, for the church was surrounded by soldiers. But the news quickly spread. Those who could, escaped to the woods. They were not safe even there. The country was laid waste, houses were burned, and the more obstinate were reached by threatening the lives of their friends. On the 10th of September, 1755, more than a thousand persons, "the whole male population of the district of Minas," were drawn up in lines, to be driven upon the transports. The women and children were loaded on boats, as fast as boats could be provided. As if to deprive the exiles of even the hope of return, their homes were burned while the transports were still in sight of land. The method of removal necessarily led to the separation of families, and thus deprived many of the unfortunates of the consolation the dearest associations of life might have afforded. They were taken to different provinces, and, if the truth must be told, were not very kindly received, except in Louisiana. For instance, a gentleman of Philadelphia, upon their arrival in Pennsylvania, is said to have breathed a prayer that "God might be pleased to grant success against all copper-colored cannibals and French savages, equally cruel and perfidious in their natures." In Louisiana, where kindred speech won for the exiles the good-will of the colonists, farming implements were furnished them

at the expense of the government, and they were permitted to settle along the Mississippi between the German Coast and Baton Rouge, a district which came to be called the Acadian Coast.

Remonstrances were sent to the king, without avail. One from the exiles in Pennsylvania recites at length the hardships undergone at home and abroad, and gives the experience of René Leblanc, named in the poem, as an instance: "He was seized, confined, and brought away from the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in different Colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and two youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than of any of us, notwithstanding his many years labour and deep suffering for your Majesty's service."

Half the romance of the expulsion would be lost without the Abbé Reynal's account of life in the district of Minas. The people were industrious and, by constructing dikes, made the rich soil of the lowlands yield fifteen or twenty for one. The community supplied all its own wants; if any desired luxuries, they could be procured by barter in Annapolis or Louisburg. Money was not needed. "Even the small quantity of gold and silver which had been introduced

into the Colony did not inspire that activity in which consists its real value. There was seldom cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the Court of Judicature, established at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among them were amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills; for which, and their religious services, the inhabitants paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest, which was always sufficient to afford more means than there were objects of generosity. Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren; every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind. . . . As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks."

Not too much credence must be given to this account. One must remember that a Frenchman is speaking of Frenchmen who received a wrong at the

hands of Englishmen; and that the narrator wishes to make the wrong appear as a great crime. The Acadians were certainly not faultless. Their interests were united with those of France; and their dislike of the English doubtless led them to take great risks in times when the fortunes of war might have turned the scale to the side of France as easily as to that of England. It was but natural that the English should retaliate when the opportunity came. Perhaps retaliation upon the whole people was unjust when only a few may have been at fault. Still, all one's indignation must not be expended upon the English; some should be reserved for the many acts equally reprehensible of which the French have been guilty — the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, for example. The opinions of the historians are divided. One says that the lands of the Acadians were unusually fertile and the English coveted them; hence the expulsion. Another asserts that the Acadians might have remained if they had been willing to renew their oath of allegiance; that the refusal to do so was naturally, or at least not unnaturally, construed as an act of hostility. A fair judgment at this late day would perhaps be that the conduct of the English was "somewhat rude," — a Ciceronian judgment, but none the less just on that account.

THE METRE OF *EVANGELINE*

The metre in which *Evangeline* is written is called dactylic hexameter. Each verse contains six feet (hence the name hexameter). In the normal verse each foot except the last consists of an accented followed by two unaccented syllables (dactyl). The last foot has one accented and one unaccented syllable (trochee). If we represent accented and unaccented syllables by the letters *a* and *u* respectively, the structure of the normal verse is as follows: —

auu | *auu* | *auu* | *auu* | *auu* | *au*

This is the | forest pri-|meval. The | murmuring | pines and the | hemlocks.

Naught but tra-|dition re-|mains of the | beautiful | village of | Grand-Pré.

Yet under | Benedict's | roof hospi-|tality | seemed more a-| bundant.

Touched were their | hearts at her | story, and | warmest and | friendliest | welcome.

As a succession of perfectly regular verses would prove monotonous, substitutions are frequently made, usually a trochee for a dactyl. Such a substitution may be made in any foot: —

Strongly | built were the | houses, with | *frames of* | oak and of | hemlock.

Waste are those | *pleasant* | farms, and the | farmers for-|ever de-|parted.

Blomidon | rose and the | *forest* | old, and a-|loft on the | mountains.

Shone on her | face and en-|circled her | *form*, *when* | after con-|fession.

Into this | wonderful | land, at the | base of the | *Ozark* | Mountains.

A trochee is not often found in the fifth foot.

Frequently a verse contains more than one substituted foot: —

Men whose | lives glided | *on like* | rivers that | water the | woodlands.

List to a | *Tale of* | *Love in* | Acadie, | home of the | happy.

Distant, se-|*cluded*, | *still*, *the* | *little* | village of | Grand-Pré.

Stand like | *harpers* | *hoar*, *with* | *beards that* | rest on their | bosoms.

Not in | *word a*-|lone, but in | *deed*, *to* | love one an-|other.

Monotony is further relieved by varying the position of the pauses. Obviously pauses must be made in so long a verse, and their occurrence in any fixed place would give the reader an unpleasant jolt. The rhythmical pause may or may not be indicated by punctuation: —

There disorder prevailed, | and the tumult and stir | of embarking. ‖

Busily plied the freighted boats; | and in the confusion |
Wives were torn from their husbands, | and mothers, | too late, |
saw their children
Left on the land, | extending their arms, with wildest entreaties. ‖
So | unto separate ships | were Basil and Gabriel carried, |
While | in despair | on the shore | Evangeline stood with her father. ‖
Half the task was not done | when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; | and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, | and left the line of the sandbeach
Covered with waifs of the tide, | with kelp and the slippery seaweed. ‖
Farther back | in the midst of the household goods and the wagons, |
Like to a gypsy camp, | or a leaguer after a battle, |
All escape cut off by the sea, | and the sentinels near them, |
Lay | encamped for the night | the homeless Acadian farmers.

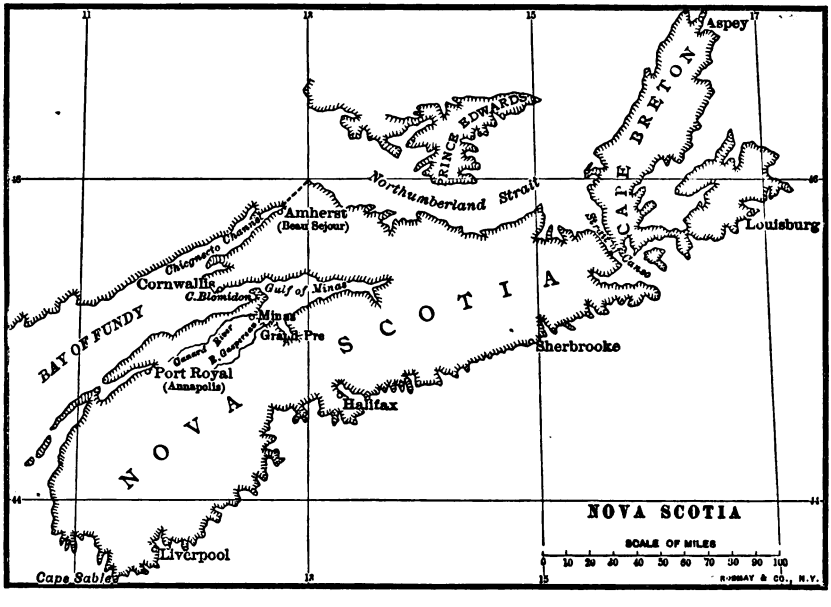
Here *double, single,* and *half* strokes are intended to give a clew to the length of the pause. It will be noticed that enjambement, or the linking of verses together, has much to do with elocution. Verse structure and sentence structure may correspond: ll. 171, 382, 509, 568, 624, 863, etc. In such a case the sentence is usually a topic sentence. But as a rule the sentence is carried on from one verse to another, and this necessitates pauses of varying length at the end of the lines. For instance, ll. 569 and

570 are not so closely connected as are ll. 570 and 571: the prepositional phrase in l. 569 would be followed by a pause even in prose; the word *left*, l. 571, cannot be so separated from the group immediately preceding it. Notice ll. 574–5, 578–9. Further illustrations will be found in ll. 53–4, 83–4, 100–1, 137–8, 270–1, 561–2, 565-6.

The scansion of the line offers few difficulties. In general, a safe rule to follow is, accent the first syllable and the rest will take care of itself.

A word must be said of the English hexameter. Although Longfellow was not the first to use it, he did more than any other to establish it among our poetic forms, and, consequently, came in for some harsh criticism. The argument is briefly as follows: in Latin and Greek the principle of verse is quantity, in English it is accent; the classic hexameter invariably ends with two long syllables (spondee), exactly equivalent in time to the dactyl, and the same combination may be substituted for the dactyl in certain other positions in the verse; in English the spondee must be represented by the trochee; the classic hexameter cannot, therefore, be reproduced in English. Occasionally the effect of the spondee may be suggested, when two words having equal or nearly equal sentence stress are brought together: ll. 47, 166, 185, 274, 308, 345, etc. But such occurrences are rare. Still it is hardly worth while to argue the case; Long-

fellow adopted the measure, and the poems clothed in it cannot be annihilated by a technical objection. In so far as *Evangeline* is concerned, the lingering lines harmonize with the melancholy tone of the story. A nice taste, whether or not it can distinguish between quantity and accent, is nevertheless offended by the hexameter; and the reason was hinted at by Holmes, when he wrote to the author, "It marks the transition of prose into verse." In the character of the 'Autocrat,' Holmes might have been tempted to transpose two very important words in the sentence.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St. Peters
Chignecto Channel
Cornwallis
C. Blomidon
Gulf of Mines
BAY OF FUNDY
Minas
Grand Pre
Gaspereau River
Port Royal
(Annapolis)
Sherbrooke
Halifax
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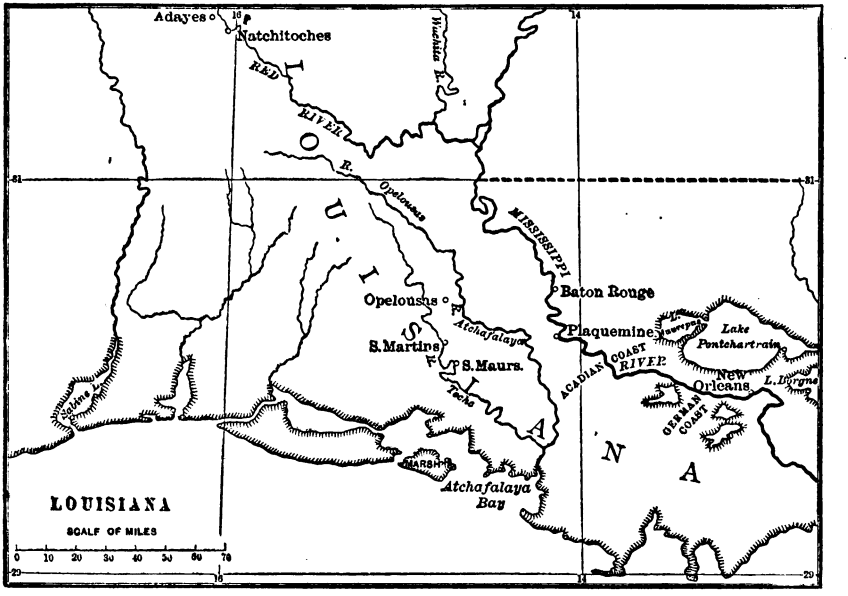
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Mississippi
Baton Rouge
Opelousas
S. Martins
Atchafalaya
Plaquemine
Lake Pontchartrain
Acadian Coast
River
New Orleans
L. Borgne
German Coast
S. Maurs.
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Marsh
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SCALE OF MILES
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31

EVANGELINE

PRELUDE

THIS is the forest primeval.° The murmuring pines° and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids° of eld,° with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers° hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced° neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe,° when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened° by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition° remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List° to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie,° home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,°
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name,° and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes,° that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon° rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs° pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy° built in the reign of the Henries.°
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles°
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping° looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir° of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon° from the belfry
Softly the Angelus° sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt° together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth° and stately in form was the man of seventy winters°;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet° how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine° that feed in the meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth° was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop°
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads° and her missal,°
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,°
Such° as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;
There stood the broad-wheeled wains° and the antique° ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,°

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.°

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time,° throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.°
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern° lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire° of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy,° through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky° was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine° of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;

She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion° enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden° air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted

Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints°!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian° adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaled the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell,° Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,°
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle°
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-side: —
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued: —
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate°
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: — "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued: —
"Louisburg° is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour,° nor Port Royal.°
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer: —
"Safer° are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.°
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe° round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc° will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.°
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary° entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.°
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering° much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales° of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ° in the lore° of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public, —
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know no better than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible° blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public, —
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city,° whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,°
Naming the dower° of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board° out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or successful manœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,°
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots° of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,° and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted° less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness°
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps.
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands° at the golden gates° of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house° was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler° was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres,° and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque,*°
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily,° merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seal, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice° of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations°
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar° is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted, —
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's° alarum,° distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition° succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria°

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned° its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial° meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,°
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave° of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered° the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told° her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice to Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets° and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on° the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his° setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs° on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered, —
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake° these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent° ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp° and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer° after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed° by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like° stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.°
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds° and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious° slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people, —
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book,° they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.°
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,° into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,° —

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters°
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.°
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June,° with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois° are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a voyageur° in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."°
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards° and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps; —
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,°
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin° among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons,° where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling° waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel,° extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous° boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac° laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness, —
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,°
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure°
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades° and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues° to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous° echoes awoke and died° in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant° branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, — indistinct, — as of wave or wind in the forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope° of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous° stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee° of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes° had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous° fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —
"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning,
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.°
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome° on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious° music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.°
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches,

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling; —
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe° flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,°
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.

There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew blithe as he said it, —
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes° to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning,
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,°
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant° blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter° than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened: —
"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer: —
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not, like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured° by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles° and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful° was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.°
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts° of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."°
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns° of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway.
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon° flows and the Walleway° and Owyhee.°
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,°
Through the Sweet-water Valley° precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout° and the Spanish sierras,°

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.°
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite° monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,

When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana°
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror

Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis°;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, — "On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit° Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,°
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus° and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes° on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving about her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant° crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower,° that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel° flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe." °

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter — yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold° and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers° and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —
Now in the Tents of Grace° of the meek Moravian Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,

Guarding in sylvan° shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads° whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart° was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.

Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead and not absent;
Patience and abnegation° of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly the reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence° fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger; —
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse,° home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands; —
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: — "The poor ye always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,°
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes° in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;

Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous,° careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets° they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,

Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval°; but far away from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.°
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

NOTES

Page 1, line 1. **Primeval.** Literally, belonging to the first age, uncut. **Murmuring pines.** Why *murmuring* pines? What figure in *pines?*

P. 1, l. 3. **Druids.** Priests of the Celts, the earliest inhabitants of Britain and France. Groves of oak were the chosen retreat of the Druids. What grew on that tree was thought to be a gift from heaven, more especially the mistletoe. When thus found the latter was cut with a golden knife by a priest clad in a white robe, and two white bulls were sacrificed on the spot. The Druids called the mistletoe "all heal." Compare mystic mistletoe, l. 889. **Eld.** Age, antiquity. A native English word, now used in poetry only. A.-S. yldo, derived from the adjective eald, old.

P. 1, l. 4. **Harpers.** Not so common as harpist. Harp is a native word. The termination *-er* is native; *-ist* is borrowed from the Greek. Which, then, is the better form, *harper* or *harpist?* Compare this passage with the introduction to Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and Gray's poem, *The Bard.*

P. 1, ll. 5, 6. **Deep-voiced.** Why is the ocean said to be *deep-voiced?* Are its notes of necessity *disconsolate?* Does the forest really *wail?* What figure in these lines?

P. 1, l. 8. **Like the roe.** This comparison strikes the key-note of the story. For a similar device, see Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act I, scene 1, ll. 1–7.

P. 2, l. 11. **Darkened,** etc. Show how this line explains the comparison made in l. 10.

P. 2, l. 15. **Tradition.** A story passed by word of mouth from one generation to another. What is the difference in derivation and meaning between *tradition* and *treason ?*

P. 2, l. 18. **List.** Why did not Longfellow write *listen ?*

P. 2, l. 19. **Acadie.** Nova Scotia was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, in 1497. It was next visited by the Florentine Verrazani, who called it Acadie, or Acadia, and took possession of the peninsula for the French king Francis I. The name Acadia was apparently borrowed from the Indians.

P. 3, l. 20. **Minas.** That is, *Les Mines*, so called from the copper mines said to lie about it.

P. 3, l. 23. **Its name.** Grand-Pré means *great meadow.*

P. 3, l. 24. **Dikes.** Banks of earth thrown up to prevent lowlands from being overflowed.

P. 3, l. 29. **Blomidon.** A rocky cape, to the north of Grand-Pré.

P. 3, l. 30. **Sea-fogs,** etc. What figure in this and the following line ?

P. 4, l. 34. **Normandy.** The province in France from which many of the Acadians came. The picture here presented is familiar to visitors to the Normandy of to-day. **The Henries.** The French kings Henry III. and Henry IV. (1574–1610), in whose reigns Acadia was settled.

P. 4, l. 39. **Kirtles.** Close-fitting outer garments.

P. 4, l. 41. **Gossiping.** Why are the *looms* said to *gossip?*

P. 4, l. 42. **Whir.** This word imitates the sound it represents. Such words are called onomatopoetic.

P. 5, l. 48. **Anon.** Soon.

P. 5, l. 49. **Angelus.** The bell tolled in the morning, at noon, and in the evening, to indicate the time when the service in memory of the annunciation is to be rendered.

P. 5, ll. 52–7. **Thus dwelt together in love.** See the account of the life of the Acadians in the Introduction.

P. 6, l. 62. **Stalworth.** A Middle English form, corrupted in Modern English to *stalwart*. A.-S. stælwyrðe, serviceable. The word teaches something about Anglo-Saxon manners, inasmuch as by derivation it means *good at stealing*, hence *brave*. **Winters.** What common figure in this word? Compare *summers*, l. 65. Are the words suggestive as they are used here?

P. 6, l. 67. **Yet how softly they gleamed.** What is the force of the exclamation here?

P. 6, l. 68. **Kine.** There are several ways of forming the plural of nouns in English: by the addition of *-s*, called the regular plural ending; by vowel change, as in men; by the addition of *-n*. *Kine* combines the last two methods. The historical plural of cow is *kie*, still used in Scotland, as in Burns's line, —

"The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan." — *The Twa Dogs.*

(The cows stood lowing in the milking-place.)

P. 7, l. 70. **Sooth.** Truth. A.-S. sóð. The word is poetical. Compare the compound *soothsayer*.

P. 7, l. 72. **Hyssop.** A plant, the twigs of which were used in Hebrew times in the ceremony of purification.

P. 7, l. 74. **Chaplet of beads.** A rosary, or string of beads, representing prayers used in the Roman service. **Missal.** The Roman Catholic mass-book.

P. 8, l. 87. **Penthouse.** A shed projecting over a building. Compare Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act II, Scene 6, l. 1: —

> "This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo
> Desired us to make stand."

P. 8, l. 88. **Such as the traveller sees.** The reference here is to the wayside shrines erected in Catholic countries, for the convenience of travellers.

P. 8, l. 93. **Wains.** Wagons. The constellation Ursa Major is sometimes called *Charles's Wain.* **Antique.** The metre requires that the accent be placed on the first syllable. It is curious to note that by reason of hovering accent in earlier periods the French word *antique* has given us two forms in Modern English: *antique* and *antic.*

P. 8, l. 94. **Seraglio.** Literally this word means a walled palace. What is its meaning here?

P. 9, l. 102. **Mutation.** Why especially are the weathercocks said to sing of *mutation*, or *change?*

P. 10, l. 117. **For since the birth of time.** One of Longfellow's most popular poems is entitled *The Village Blacksmith.* What do you know of Hephæstus and the Cyclops? Of Vulcan? Of Wieland? In the Anglo-Saxon poem entitled *Beówulf*, a shirt-of-mail which one king sends as a gift to another is said to be "best of garments, the work of Wieland."

P. 11, l. 122. **Plain-song.** A chant, not extending beyond the compass of an octave.

P. 11, l. 126. **Leathern.** The adjectival suffix *-n* is not so freely used as in earlier English. In some cases it still has significance. What, for instance, is the difference between *brass* as an adjective and *brazen?* Between *old* and *olden?*

P. 11, l. 130. **Smithy.** Both this word and its ally *stithy* have, unfortunately, been displaced in the common language by the cumbersome *blacksmith shop.*

P. 12, l. 139. **Lucky.** Because the stone was regarded as a sovereign remedy.

P. 12, l. 144. **Sunshine of Saint Eulalie.** Saint Eulalie's day is the 12th of February.

P. 13, l. 149. **Scorpion.** The sun enters the sign Scorpio about October 23.

P. 13, l. 150. **Leaden.** Why is the air said to be *leaden* at this season?

P. 14, l. 159. **All-Saints.** All Saints' day falls on November 1. The summer of All-Saints would, then, correspond to our Indian summer.

P. 15, l. 170. **The Persian.** The historian Herodotus says that Xerxes in the course of his march through Asia Minor found a beautiful plane-tree with which he fell in love. He decorated it with jewels of gold and appointed a steward to attend it. Compare Browning, *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau:*

> My pulse goes altogether with the heart
> O' the Persian, that old Xerxes, when he stayed
> His march to conquest of the world, a day
> I' the desert, for the sake of one superb
> Plane-tree which queened it there in solitude:
> Giving her neck its necklace, and each arm
> Its armlet, suiting soft waist, snowy side,
> With cincture and apparel.

P. 15, l. 176. **Bearing the bell.** As the duty of leading, or bearing the bell in the ordinary sense, is usually assigned to the most staid member, it is just possible that Longfellow uses the expression in the sixteenth century sense, to mark the choicest of the herd.

P. 17, l. 205. **Dresser.** A cupboard, or set of shelves, to receive cooking utensils.

P. 19, l. 222. **Threshold.** A.-S. *þerscold, thrash-wood;* the piece of wood that is beaten by the feet of those who enter the house.

P. 19, l. 223. **Settle.** A bench, with a high back to keep the draft off when one sits before the fire. A common word in New England. A.-S. setl. Compare Ezekiel xliii. 14 : "And from the bottom upon the ground even to the lower settle shall be two cubits." Tennyson, *Idyls of the King, Geraint and Enid:* —

> "And bore him to the naked hall of Doorm
> * * * * * * *
> And cast him and the bier in which he lay
> Down on an oaken settle in the hall."

P. 20, l. 240. **Mandate.** Command. Give some other words containing this same root. What is the meaning of *Maundy* Thursday ?

P. 21, l. 249. **Louisburg, etc.** Louisburg was captured by English and colonial troops under General Pepperell in 1745 (King George's War). **Beau Séjour** surrendered to the English in 1755. **Port Royal,** the first permanent settlement made by the French in America, was taken by the English in 1710 ; it was retained by the latter under the terms of the peace of 1713, and its name was changed to Annapolis Royal, in honor of Queen Anne.

P. 21, ll. 255–7. **Safer . . . cannon.** What figure in these lines ?

P. 22, l. 259. **Contract.** The marriage contract between Gabriel and Evangeline.

P. 22, l. 261. **Glebe.** Soil. A word of French origin. It is especially applied to the land surrounding an ecclesiastical benefice.

P. 22, l. 263. **René Leblanc.** The one historical person of the poem. See Introduction. **Inkhorn.** A portable case for ink and writing instruments, made of horn. In the days when writing was not a common accomplishment, the 'supernal wisdom' of the possessor of an inkhorn displayed itself in the use of quaint and curious words, — a practice which a refined taste condemns. Hence the frequent contemptuous references to 'inkhorn terms' in the books. For instance, Wilson (*Art of Retorique*, 1553) says: "I know them that think retorique to stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an *inkhorne* term by the tail, they count him to be a fine Englishman."

P. 22, l. 267. **Notary.** A public officer whose business it is to acknowledge signatures of deeds, contracts, etc.

P. 23, l. 272. **Supernal.** Celestial, heavenly. A very strong word, chosen apparently to complete the line. There is, of course, a touch of satire in it.

P. 23, l. 276. **Suffering much.** This vague line probably refers to the suffering of sympathizers with the English in the course of Queen Anne's War (1702–1713).

P. 23, ll. 280–7. **For he told them tales.** Popular superstitions, still current. *Loup-garou* is the English *werwolf*, or man-wolf, a man who has the power of transforming himself at will into a wolf.

P. 24, l. 287. **Writ.** A form which the poets venture occasionally to use. It is rendered familiar by the epitaph that Keats suggested for himself: —

"Here lies one whose name is writ in water."

Lore. Learning; here equivalent to the compound *folklore*.

P. 25, l. 297. **Irascible.** What is the difference between *irritable* and *irascible?*

P. 25, l. 306 ff. **Once in an ancient city.** This is an old Florentine story. (Scudder.)

P. 28, l. 334. **Parties.** Is the word correctly used here? Compare, "I saw that party this morning." Which is the correct use of the word?

P. 28, l. 335. **Naming the dower . . . in flocks.** Why not in money? See Introduction.

P. 28, l. 344. **Draught-board.** Checker-board, so called because the checkers are *drawn* from one square to another.

P. 29, l. 348. **Embrasure.** The enlargement of a door or window on the inside of the wall, to give more room.

P. 29, l. 352. **Forget-me-nots.** Why are the stars called *the forget-me-nots of the angels?*

P. 29, l. 354. **Curfew.** The bell rung at an early hour of the evening (8 or 9 o'clock), to notify inhabitants of the village to extinguish lights and fires. The name is from the French: *couvre feu*, cover fire.

P. 30, l. 362. **Lighted less.** What figure in this line?

P. 31, l. 376. **A feeling of sadness.** What value has this statement in the development of the story?

P. 32, l. 386. **Hundred hands.** Labor is compared to the hundred-handed giant Briareus. What figures, then, does the expression involve? **Golden gates.** What are the *golden gates of the morning?*

P. 32, l. 396. **Every house.** For an account of life in Grand-Pré, see Introduction.

P. 33, l. 408. **Michael the fiddler.** Historically, Michael should be the representative of the *trouvères.* If he did not sing French songs, one might mistake him for the not very artistic leader of a New England country dance.

P. 34, l. 413. **Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres.**

Vous connaissez Cybèle,
Qui sut fixer le temps;
On la disait fort belle,
Même dans ses vieux ans.

Cette divinité, quoique déjà grand'mère,
Avait les yeux doux, le teint frais,
Avait même certains attraits
Fermes comme la terre.

[You know Cybel who used to determine the weather? They say she was very beautiful, even in old age. This goddess, though a grandmother, had bright eyes, a lovely complexion, and certain charms as lasting as earth.]

Le Carillon de Dunkerque.

Imprudent, téméraire,
A l'instant je l'espére
Dans mon juste courroux,
Tu vas tomber sous mes coups!
Je brave ta menace!
Être moi! Quelle audace!
Avance donc, poltron.
Tu trembles? Non, non, non.
J'étouffe de colère?
Je ris de ta colère.

[Impudent, rash one, in my just indignation, I hope that you will at this instant die under my blows! I defy your threat! I? What

presumption! Come on, coward. You tremble? No. I stifle with anger? I laugh at your rage.]

P. 34, l. 415. **Merrily,** etc. Note the effect of alliteration in this line.

P. 36, l. 442. **Solstice.** The time when the sun is farthest from the equator: June 21.

P. 37, ll. 451–2. **Fierce imprecations . . . prayer.** Point out antithesis in these lines.

P. 37, l. 454. **As, on a stormy sea, a spar.** Criticise this simile.

P. 38, l. 466. **Tocsin.** A signal bell. **Alarum.** A Middle English form, still used in the dialects. It is a corruption of *alarm*, similar to the present vulgar pronunciation *elum* for *elm*, *filum* for *film*.

P. 39, l. 480. **Contrition.** Distinguish between this word and *attrition*.

P. 39, l. 484. **Ave Maria.** The *Hail Mary*, a prayer used in the Roman Catholic Church.

P. 40, l. 492. **Emblazoned.** Literally, adorned with coats-of-arms; here, decorated in golden color.

P. 41, l. 498. **Ambrosial.** Delighting the sense of taste or smell. The adjective is formed from the noun *ambrosia*, meaning *the food of the gods*. How do you explain the present meaning of the word?

P. 41, ll. 499, 500. **Ah! on her spirit . . . fallen.** With what are these lines to be contrasted?

P. 42, l. 513. **Gloomier grave.** What is meant by the *gloomier grave of the living?*

P. 42, l. 515. **Smouldered,** etc. Why did Longfellow not balance this line?

P. 42, l. 521. **Told her.** How could the thunder tell her this?

P. 43, l. 527. **Hamlets.** The first half of this word is allied to the English *home;* so that *hamlet,* by derivation, means a small house. Give other words having the diminutival suffix -let.

P. 43, l. 531. **Urged on.** This is a fair representative in English of the Latin *spondee,* the adverb supplementing the meaning of the verb, and requiring the same metrical stress. Compare with *on* in l. 529.

P. 44, l. 537. **His.** Why do the English poets use the masculine pronoun when they personify the sun? The corresponding word in German is feminine, in French masculine.

P. 44, l. 544. **Songs.** According to tradition, the hymns sung by the Acadians during their last days in Nova Scotia were the following:[1]—

I. Faux plaisirs, vous sonneurs, bien frivoles,
Ecoutez aujourd'hui nos adieux;
Trop longtemps vous fûtes nos idoles;
Trop longtemps vous charmez nos yeux—
Loin de nous la fidèle esperence,
De trouver en vous notre honneur,
Avec vous heureux en apparence,
Nous portens la chagrin dans le cœur.

[False pleasures, ye hollow cymbals, listen to our farewells today! Too long have you been our idols. Too long have you charmed our eyes. Far from us be any real hope of finding in you our salvation. Like you, seemingly happy, we yet bear anguish in our hearts.]

[1] Pub. of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, Vol. II.

II. Tout passe—
Sous le firmament
Tout n'est que changement—
Tout passe.

Ainsi que sur la glise,
Le monde va roulant
Et dit en s'écoulant—
Tout passe.

C'est la mérite
Hormis l'éternité
Tout passe.

Faisons valoir la grace,
Le temps est precieux.
Ouvrez devant nos yeux—
Tout passe.

Les champs, les rangs
Les petits et les grands—
Tout passe.

D'autres frequent la place
Et s'en vont a leur tour
Dans le mortel séjour—
Tout passe.

[All is vanity—under the firmament is nothing but change—all is vanity. The earth rolls on and, as it glides, warns us—all is vanity. The value of all things this side eternity is—vanity. Use the time, for time is precious. Open before our eyes—all is vanity—ye fields and ranks, both small and great—all is vanity. Others shall inhabit our places, and in turn go upon their long journey. All is vanity.]

III. Vive Jésus!
Vive Jésus!
Avec la croix son cher portage—
Vive Jésus!

Dans la cœur de tous les élus
Sa croix de sou (?) cœur — est le gage —
Fertil au plus bel héritage,
Vive Jésus!
Portens la croix,
Sans choix, sans ennui, sans murmure.
Portens la croix —
Quand nous en servons aux choix.
Quoique très amère et très dure —
Malgré le sous et la nature
Portens la croix.

[Jesus lives! Jesus lives! With the cross as his burden Jesus lives! In the heart of the faithful the cross of His suffering is the pledge of the richest inheritance. Jesus lives! Let us bear the cross, without opposing, without wearying, without murmuring. Let us bear the cross, when we bear it as He wills! Bitter and hard though the trial be, in spite of anguish and of weakness let us bear the cross.]

P. 46, l. 561. **Spake.** Why not *spoke?*

P. 47, l. 575. **Refluent.** Flowing back, ebbing.

P. 47, l. 577. **Kelp.** A seaweed belonging to the genus Salsola. The ashes of it are used in the manufacture of glass.

P. 47, l. 579. **Leaguer.** The camp of a besieging army.

P. 49, l. 605. **Benedicite.** Bless you! One of the forms of salutation used by Roman priests.

P. 50, l. 611. **Unperturbed.** Not agitated. What is the difference between *perturb* and *disturb?*

P. 50, l. 615. **Titan-like.** Giant-like. In Greek mythology the Titans are the descendants of Heaven and Earth.

P. 50, l. 618. **Roadstead.** A place near the shore where ships may anchor. The simpler *road* is also in use. Compare Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene 1, l. 288: —

"For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road."

P. 50, l. 621. **Gleeds.** Glowing ashes. A.-S. gléd.

P. 52, l. 644. **Oblivious.** Forgetful. Compare *oblivion* with *obloquy.*

P. 53, l. 657. **Without bell or book.** That is, with no bell to toll the knell, and no book from which to read the offices of the dead.

P. 54, l. 660. **Dirges.** Literally, music of a mournful character, intended to accompany funeral rites. Here used in a figurative sense.

P. 55, l. 668. **Household gods.** Traditions. The expression is a rendering of the Latin *Penates*, which was applied to the images of ancestors and protecting deities, to be found in every Roman home.

P. 55, l. 674. **Savannas.** Plains.

P. 56, l. 675. **Father of Waters.** The Mississippi.

P. 56, l. 677. **Mammoth.** Geologists have unearthed remains of mastodons and elephants in various parts of North America, from the Gulf to the Arctic circle.

P. 57, l. 690. **June.** Compare the Prelude to the First Part of Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

P. 58, l. 705. **Coureurs-des-bois.** Deer-hunters. Literally, *runners-through-the-woods.*

P. 58, l. 707. **Voyageur.** The name of one of a class of men employed by the Northwest and Hudson's Bay companies in transporting supplies to their various stations, which was done exclusively in bark canoes. These men were usually French-Canadians.

P. 58, l. 713. **To braid St. Catherine's tresses.** That is, to devote herself to a life of celibacy.

P. 60, l. 732. **Shards.** Literally, a fragment of an earthen vessel. Here used figuratively. Compare Tennyson, *The Vision of Sin.*

> "Once more uprose the mystic mountain-range:
> Below were men and horses pierced with worms,
> And slowly quickening into forms;
> By shards and scurf of salt, and scum of dross,
> Old plash of rain, and refuse patch'd with moss."

And *The Princess:* —

> "I want her love.
> What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd
> Your cities into shards with catapults."

And Kipling, *The Recessional:* —

> "For heathen heart that puts her trust
> In reeking tube and iron shard —
> All valiant dust that builds on dust,
> And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
> For frantic boast and foolish word,
> Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!"

P. 61, l. 741. **The Beautiful River.** The French called the Ohio *La belle Rivière.*

P. 61, l. 749. **Kith and kin.** An Old English alliterative phrase, meaning acquaintances and relations. Others are *bed* and *board*, *have* and *hold*, *house* and *home*, *weal* and *woe*, *wit* and *wisdom*, *wind* and *weather.*

P. 62, l. 757. **Lagoons.** Shallow ponds or lakes.

P. 62, l. 758. **Wimpling.** Folded, like a veil; rippling.

P. 63, l. 768. **Steel.** Why not *silver?* The latter is the more common comparison, is it not?

P. 63, l. 769. **Tenebrous.** Dark, shady.

P. 63, l. 774. **Demoniac.** Is this word aptly chosen?

P. 64, l. 782. **Mimosa.** The sensitive plant.

P. 65, l. 791. **Peradventure.** Compare with *perchance* and *perhaps.*

P. 65, l. 793. **Colonnades.** What is meant here by *colonnades and corridors?*

P. 65, l. 794. **Tongues.** How did the blast of the bugle *give tongues* to the forest?

P. 65, l. 796. **Multitudinous.** Compare the use of the word here with Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, Act II, Scene 2, l. 61:—

> "This my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

Awoke and died. What figure is involved in these words?

P. 65, l. 797. **Reverberant.** Echoing.

P. 67, l. 819. **Cope.** Literally, a covering for the head.

P. 67, l. 822. **Pendulous.** Suspended, hanging.

P. 68, l. 836. **Lee.** The side not exposed to the wind.

P. 68, l. 842. **Tholes.** Pins in the sides of a boat to keep the oars in place.

P. 69, l. 848. **Credulous.** Easily deceived. How does the word come to mean this?

P. 69, l. 854. **Illusions.** Compare with *delusions.*

P. 70, l. 861. **Dome.** Under what figure is the universe viewed here? Compare Whittier, *The Worship of Nature.*

P. 71, l. 875. **Delirious.** What does Longfellow mean by *delirious music?*

P. 71, l. 878. **Bacchantes.** The women who took part in the orgies in honor of Bacchus.

P. 72, l. 889. **Mystic mistletoe.** See notes on **Druids,** p. 1, l. 3.

P. 72, l. 890. **Yule-tide.** Christmas-tide. The beautiful word *yule* is connected etymologically with our common word *yell,* having special reference apparently to the noise and merriment of the season.

P. 73, ll. 906–11. **Through the great groves of oak.** Analyze the figures in these lines.

P. 77, l. 952. **Adayes.** A town in northwestern Louisiana, about ten miles from Natchitoches.

P. 77, l. 953. **Ozark Mountains.** A range of mountains in Missouri, Arkansas, and Indian Territory.

P. 78, l. 961. **Olympus.** A mountain in Greece, fabled to be the abode of the gods.

P. 78, l. 970. **Ci-devant.** Former.

P. 79, l. 981. **Brighter.** What figure in this word?

P. 81, l. 1006. **Cured,** etc. Compare l. 285.

P. 81, l. 1009. **Creoles.** A name given to certain descendants of Europeans in the tropics. The Creoles have acquired a place in literature recently through the stories of George W. Cable.

P. 83, l. 1027 ff. **Beautiful**, etc. Compare this scene with Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene 1.

P. 83, l. 1033. **Carthusian.** A monk of the order founded by St. Bruno, in 1080, and celebrated for the austerity of its members.

P. 84, l. 1041. **The thoughts**, etc. In what sense are the stars the *thoughts* of God?

P. 84, l. 1044. **Upharsin.** The last of the warning words written by the hand of the angel on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. Daniel v. 25.

P. 85, l. 1057. **Oracular caverns.** Resembling the cave at Delphi, in Greece, where the gods delivered their messages to men.

P. 87, l. 1082. **Oregon.** The Columbia, formerly so called. **Walleway.** In northwestern Oregon. **Owyhee.** In northern Nevada.

P. 87, l. 1083. **Wind-river Mountains.** In Wyoming.

P. 87, l. 1084. **Sweet-water.** The name of a river in Wyoming.

P. 87, l. 1085. **Fontaine-qui-bout.** The French name of a creek emptying into the Arkansas at Pueblo, Colorado. The phrase means "boiling spring." **Sierras.** Sawlike ridges of mountains.

P. 88, l. 1091. **Amorphas.** The false indigo, or lead-plant.

P. 89, l. 1102. **Anchorite.** Hermit.

P. 90, l. 1114. **Fata Morgana.** Mirage, so called in southern Italy.

P. 92, l. 1139. **Mowis.** The Indian stories of the **Mowis** and **Lilinau** (l. 1145) are sufficiently clear from the text. The curious may consult Schoolcraft, *Hiawatha.*

P. 94, l. 1175. **Jesuit.** The religious order of the Jesuits was founded by Ignatius Loyola, in 1540. Its members are especially active in missionary work.

P. 95, l. 1181. **Vespers.** Even-song.

P. 95, l. 1182. **Susurrus.** Whispering, murmur.

P. 96, l. 1204. **Betimes.** Early.

P. 97, l. 1211. **Mendicant.** Begging. Compare with *mendacious.*

P. 98, l. 1219. **Compass-flower.** *Silphium-laciniatum*, or rosin-weed. In the prairies its leaves point north and south.

P. 98, l. 1226. **Asphodel.** A species of lily. In poetry it symbolizes the abode of the blessed. Compare the following from Pope, *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day:* —

> "By the streams that ever flow,
> By the fragrant winds that blow
> O'er the Elysian flowers;
> By those happy souls who dwell
> In yellow meads of asphodel
> Or amaranthine bowers."

And Mrs. Browning, *Sonnets from the Portuguese:* —

> "My own, my own,
> Who camest to me when the world was gone
> And I, who only looked for God, found thee.
> I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.
> As one who stands in dewless asphodel
> Looks backward on the tedious time he had
> In the upper life, so I, with bosom swell,
> Make witness here, between the good and bad,
> That love as strong as death retrieves as well."

Nepenthe. A drug used by the ancients to lull sorrow. It is supposed to have been opium.

P. 99, l. 1229. **Wold.** A plain open country. A.-S. weald.

P. 99, l. 1240. **Divers.** A mere variant of *diverse.*

P. 99, l. 1241. **Tents of Grace.** A translation of *Gnadenhütten*, the name of a Moravian settlement in Ohio. The more famous town of Bethlehem, Penn., was made the scene of a pretty fiction by Longfellow in the *Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner.*

P. 101, l. 1253. **Sylvan . . . Penn.** Notice the play upon the name Penn-sylvan-ia.

P. 101, l. 1257. **Dryads.** Nymphs of the woods.

P. 102, ll. 1276–79. **Within her heart,** etc. It might not be amiss to read Holmes's *Homesick in Heaven* in connection with these lines.

P. 103, l. 1282. **Abnegation.** Denial. Compare with *negation.*

P. 104, l. 1298. **Pestilence.** The yellow fever scourge of 1793, vividly described by Charles Brockden Brown in *Arthur Mervyn.*

P. 105, l. 1308. **Almshouse.** An attempt has been made to identify the almshouse in which Evangeline ministered with the Quaker Home, formerly on Walnut Street, between Third and Fourth. Westcott (*Hist. Mansions of Philadelphia*) objects that that building was used as a home for the aged, not as a hospital.

P. 106, l. 1326. **Christ Church.** On Second Street, above Market.

P. 106, l. 1328. **Swedes' church.** The Swedish settlers erected a church at Wicaco early in the eighteenth century.

P. 107, l. 1332. **Assiduous.** Eager, attentive.

P. 107, l. 1335. **Pallets.** Rude beds.

P. 110, ll. 1381–99. **Still stands the forest primeval.** What is the rhetorical value of these lines?

P. 111, l. 1382. **The lovers are sleeping.** Efforts have been made to locate the graves of the Acadian lovers, without success. This is not surprising, as Philadelphia was merely a convenient scene for the conclusion of the story.

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